

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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PRICE 1/3



THE LOVELIEST PAPER IN THE WORLD

ALADDIN and his Wonderful Lamp



1. Unknown to Aladdin, the wicked magician had the Magic Lamp. As Aladdin rode back to his palace the magician was giving his orders to the Slave of the Lamp. "Carry me and Aladdin's palace to the Desert of Morocco," he said.



2. There came a blinding flash and the palace disappeared. The frightened townsfolk ran in all directions. But Aladdin suspected something of the truth. "Only the Slave of the Lamp could work such magic," he said.



3. How the King roared with anger and sorrow when he heard that his daughter, together with her wonderful palace and all her servants, had disappeared. "My beloved daughter! Where is she?" he shouted. "Bring Aladdin to me at once!"



4. When Aladdin appeared the King's fury knew no bounds. "This is all your fault," he raged. "You built that palace by magic and now it has disappeared by magic. You shall go to prison at once! Do you hear me, guards?"



5. In answer to the King's words, some of his guards took hold of Aladdin and dragged him away. "Release me! Let me go!" shouted Aladdin. "Only I can save my Princess." But the King was too upset to listen.



6. Along dark and dismal passages Aladdin was dragged and flung at last into a dirty cell. The heavy door clanged shut. Then rising to his feet, Aladdin looked at the Magic Ring he always wore on his finger.



7. "Only magic can defeat magic!" said Aladdin as he rubbed the Magic Ring. The Slave of the Ring suddenly appeared. "I am here to obey you, Master," he said. "Then take me to my Princess wherever she is," ordered Aladdin.

8. The genie waved his hands and muttered a few strange words. As he did so Aladdin felt himself picked up as though by a huge unseen hand. He closed his eyes. When he opened them he was looking at his Princess.

Next week Aladdin plans the return of his palace.



1. This week we are going to show you just a few of the many interesting buildings which are to be found all over the world. First a Chinese pagoda, which is built so that it is in keeping with the countryside. It is thought that the jutting roots, placed one above the other, were first built that way to look like the branches of a tree. Do you think pagodas resemble trees?



2. Here is an old windmill. The wind drives the arms of this windmill round and round. The great arms turn the machinery that ground the wheat. Windmills like this can be found all over Holland. Some other countries still have them, too. You may be lucky enough to see one.



These are our "Allsorts" pages. Every week you can see all sorts of Allsorts. Here, this week, are some famous buildings throughout the world.

All Sorts



5. Here is the famous Eiffel Tower of Paris in France. It was built for a great Exhibition which was held in 1889. It has electric lifts which carry tourists to a special platform at the top, where they have a wonderful view of the city.



6. Although Tokyo the capital city of Japan is a very modern city, there are still many parts of the country which cling to the old ways. This is a typical Japanese house built in the old style. Many people think the old houses are nicer to look at than the new buildings.



3. The country of Turkey has nearly four hundred temples known as mosques (say "mosks.") This is the Blue Mosque of Istanbul, the biggest city in Turkey. Inside, the walls are the colour of the sea.



4. Here is the most famous castle in the world. It is the Tower of London. William the Conqueror started to build it after he had defeated the English nine hundred years ago. Have you heard the story of the two little Princes who were kept prisoners in the tower?

of Buildings



7. This is a Swiss chalet, the home of a goat herdsman who lives in the mountains of Switzerland. It is made of wood and always cool during the summer months. These houses are so charming that many people in other countries have built their houses like them.



8. This high building is called a skyscraper. Many buildings in New York in the United States of America are built like this because there is not much room to build on the small Island of Manhattan, which is the centre of New York.

BRER RABBIT

Why Brer Bear has no tail.

retold by Barbara Hayes.

NOW, although a lot of the animals like Brer Fox and Brer Wolf and Brer Bear were always doing their best to catch Brer Rabbit and make him into rabbit stew, there was one of the creatures who was always Brer Rabbit's friend — and that creature was Brer Terrapin.

In fact, very often Brer Rabbit and Brer Terrapin used to plan together to play tricks on the other animals. This story I am going to tell you now, is about one of those times.

Now, one day Brer Rabbit went to call for Brer Terrapin, only to find out that Brer Terrapin had gone to spend the afternoon with Brer Mud-Turtle.

If you remember, Brer Terrapin was a relative of Brer Mud-Turtle and knew him so well that he called him Uncle Muddle.

Anyway, Brer Rabbit went on to Brer Mud-Turtle's house, which as it happened was by the mill pond.

Sure enough Brer Terrapin was there with Brer Mud-Turtle or Uncle Muddle as he called him and they were both very pleased to see Brer Rabbit.

In fact they invited him in to dinner and the three chums had a fine time eating and playing games and chatting together.

Well, after a while, the three friends decided to go and sit in the sun by the mill pond. Brer Rabbit, he sat by the



pond blinking in the sun and enjoying himself, but Brer Terrapin and Brer Mud-Turtle, they caught sight of a fine big slippery rock, just by the edge of the mill pond.

It was one of those rocks that dipped into the water and just where the water lapped against the rock, the rock was green and slimy and very slippery indeed.

So Brer Mud-Turtle, he crawled to the top of the rock and pointed himself in the direction of the water and let himself go. Down the rock he sailed with a lovely whoosh — and then — kersplash — he landed right in the water.

So next Brer Terrapin, he climbed up the rock and he pointed himself in the direction of the water and he let himself go. Down the rock he sailed with a lovely whoosh — and then — kersplash — he landed right in the water.

And Brer Rabbit, he sat in the sun on the side of the pool, clapping his paws and praising Brer Terrapin and Brer Mud-Turtle and saying how clever they were.

But Brer Rabbit didn't try sliding down the rock himself, because he knew that rocks are hard and that only creatures with thick shells like Brer Mud-Turtle and Brer Terrapin could slide down without hurting themselves.

Well, while all this was going on, Brer Bear happened to pass by and hearing all the laughing and joking, he came over to see what was going on.

Now you should know that way back in those days, Brer Bear had a very long tail.

"Well, bless my tail, if it isn't Brer Rabbit

and Brer Terrapin and Brer Mud-Turtle," said Brer Bear.

"It certainly is," said Brer Rabbit, "and here we are enjoying ourselves, just as if hard times never came our way."

Then Brer Bear took a second look at the chums and he said:

"How come that Brer Rabbit isn't joining in all the slipping and the sliding?"

At once Brer Rabbit's quick little brain thought of a way of playing a trick on Brer Bear, and he said:

"My goodness, Brer Bear, you can't expect me to keep on sliding all day. 'I've done my share of sliding and now I'm sitting out giving the other two a chance.'"

And Brer Rabbit winked at Brer Terrapin and Brer Mud-Turtle, because of course he hadn't been sliding at all.

Then Brer Terrapin, who always helped Brer Rabbit with his pranks, when he got a chance, said, said he, "Maybe Brer Bear would like to join in the fun with us."

At that, Brer Rabbit roared with laughter.

"Clumsy old Brer Bear would never manage to slide down *that* rock," he said.

Of course, that made Brer Bear angry and he up and said,

"Maybe I *am* clumsy and maybe I'm *not* but I'm surely *not* afraid to have a go."

And Brer Bear clambered to the top of the rock and the others scrambled well out of his way. Then Brer Rabbit and Brer Terrapin and Brer Mud-Turtle watched Brer Bear to see if he was afraid to have a go.

Brer Bear he sat at the top of the rock

and tucked his long tail under his legs and started to slide.

At first he went quite slowly and he grinned quite happily. But then he went a bit faster and he grinned as if he weren't happy at all. Then he went faster still and he grinned as if he were scared and then he reached the slippery green part of the rock and he swallowed that grin right down his throat and let out a yell that could have been heard a mile away. And he went into the water — KERSPLASH — just like a chimney falling.

And when Brer Bear picked himself out of the water he found that he had worn his tail down to a short stump, where he had slid down over the rough rock.

Brer Bear was mighty cross, but Brer Rabbit laughed and laughed. And ever since then, Brer Rabbit has loved telling the tale of how Brer Bear came to have a short tail.

There will be another story about that scamp Brer Rabbit next week.

ABOUT THE FRONT COVER

Are you lucky enough to have a dog as a pet? Our front cover this week shows you what fun it can be, especially if your pet has puppies. Keep this lovely picture in your scrapbook and then you will always be able to look at it.



We Eat These Roots

Here are the roots of twelve well-known plants. We all eat these roots. Which is your favourite?



POTATO



SWEDE



ONION



PARSNIP



CARROT



HORSE RADISH



BEETROOT



RADISH



GINGER



LEEK



TURNIP



CHICORY

SOME SEA-FISH

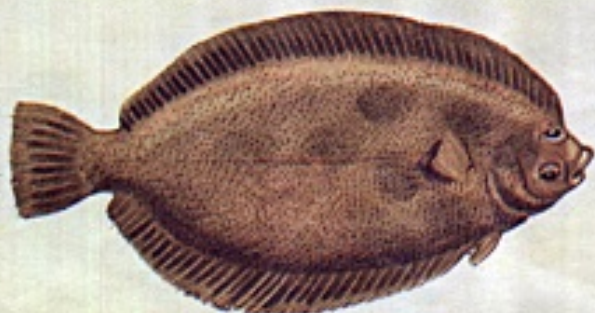
Here are some interesting facts about eight sea-fish. You all know the Lemon Sole and the Turbot but what about the Opah or the Streaked Gurnard?



This is the Cuckoo Wrasse. Other fishes when sleeping rest on their undersides but the Wrasse sleeps on its side.



Here is the Sea Perch or Norway Haddock as it is called. It likes swimming in very deep water.



This is the well-known Lemon Sole. Like the Norway Haddock, it likes swimming in deep water and is good to eat.



This striking fish is called a Streaked Gurnard. Although it is a tasty fish, it is not very popular.



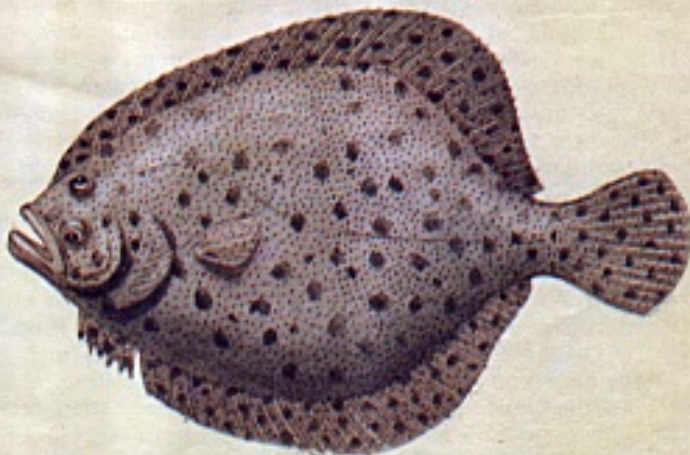
This magnificent fish is the Opah. The length of the Opah may be up to four feet. It is very good to eat.



The Plaice when young, has eyes each side of its head. But gradually the underside eye moves round to the topside.



Here is the Red Mullet, a very tasty fish indeed. When the weather turns cold, it leaves England for warmer seas.



The Turbot. A most popular fish. Like the Plaice, when young, its underside eye gradually moves to the topside.

Valentine and Orson

The Empress Bellisance lost her baby twin sons in the forest. One was brought up by a savage she-bear, the other was found by King Pepin, the brother of Bellisance. King Pepin called the boy Valentine. The other boy grew up into a wild man of the woods called Orson. One day Valentine set out and captured Orson after a long fight. Later they became friends.



The battle between Valentine and the Black Knight was long and equal.

ALL the knights and ladies of King Pepin's court were talking about the friendship of Valentine and Orson. They were always together. If Valentine went out riding, Orson would be running swiftly alongside; when Valentine played the lute, Orson sat at his feet; when Valentine went to bed, Orson passed the night on the floor outside the bedroom door.

No-one could understand why the two young men were so inseparable. Valentine and Orson only knew that they liked each other. Of course, nobody — not even Valentine and Orson — were aware that they were really twin brothers.

Valentine taught Orson how to speak and behave at court. Orson learned well, perhaps because he was really the son of an Emperor. But he would never agree to wearing fine clothes. Always he stalked proudly through the palace, his great club over his shoulder.

One day a messenger from the Duke of Aquitaine arrived at the court of King Pepin. He told a sad and fearful story.

The daughter of the noble Duke, the Lady Clerimont, had been taken prisoner by a cruel but brave warrior called Atramont, the Black Knight.

Atramont and the Duke of Aquitaine were old enemies and Atramont refused to release the fair lady. The grief-stricken father had offered large sums of money to ransom his daughter. But Atramont returned no reply to the Duke's requests for his daughter to be freed.

Several knights of the Court of Aquitaine had ridden forth and challenged the Black Knight to hand-to-hand combat. But each and every one of them had been defeated and forced to return, nursing their cuts and bruises, the scornful laughter of Atramont ringing in their ears.

Now the Duke was sending to his friend King Pepin.

"Whoever shall conquer the Black Knight and release the Duke's beloved daughter shall receive fifty thousand pieces of gold and the hand of the beautiful Lady Clerimont in marriage," said the Duke's messenger.



Orson threw his mighty arms around the E

At once Valentine stood forth, while the other young lords drew back, afraid to challenge the famous Black Knight.

"I will ride out to rescue the Lady Clerimont," said Valentine, "but I am a true knight and desire no reward. Neither do I wish for the hand of the Lady Clerimont, for one day I hope to marry the Princess Eglantine, daughter of King Pepin."

The lovely Princess was present when



Black Knight and flung him to the ground.

Valentine said this and she blushed and lowered her eyes. King Pepin, who was there, too, glanced at Valentine fondly.

Valentine armed himself and prepared to ride forth. You will not be surprised to learn that as he walked out to mount his snow-white steed, there, waiting quietly, his great club over his sun-tanned shoulder was Orson.

The two young men looked each other in the eyes. There was no need for either



Valentine and Orson in sight of the giant's castle.

to say anything. Valentine gripped Orson's hand and clapped him on the shoulder. Then turning he sprang into his saddle and rode out of the castle courtyard with Orson running lightly beside him.

The Black Knight.

A week later the brothers arrived outside the castle of Atramont, the Black Knight.

Valentine blew a trumpet blast, loud and clear. Its silvery notes rang through the air and brought the Black Knight to the battlements.

"Holla!" he shouted. "Who dares to challenge the valient Atramont?"

"I — Valentine of the Court of King Pepin," replied Valentine.

Atramont grinned.

"Ha! I have heard of you," he said.

Valentine had just time to ready himself for battle when the Black Knight came charging out of his castle. The battle that followed was long and equal.

At last Atramont laughed and held up his hand.

"You are brave and noble, Valentine," said he, "but I tell you now that you will never defeat me unless you can take down the shield that hangs on yonder tree."

He pointed to where a great shield hung on the slender branch of a nearby tree.

Valentine shrugged his shoulders and strode to the shield. But in spite of all his efforts, he could not take it down.

The Black Knight chuckled.

Valentine
rode at
the giant.





"Take yourself off, young man," he said. "If you cannot take down the magic shield, you can never defeat me. Know now that no-one alive can overthrow me unless he be the son of a mighty King and yet has been raised by a wild beast."

Valentine started as he heard these words. Turning swiftly he ran to Orson and led him to the enchanted shield.

"Take it down, Orson," he smiled.

As Orson raised his hand, the

shield fell instantly to the ground. A great blast of wind rushed through the trees and the ground rocked beneath their feet. Atramont raised his sword and shouting with rage, rushed on Orson, bent on striking him to the ground.

Orson snatched up the magic shield as Atramont's sword fell.

Striking the shield, the sword was smashed into several pieces.

The Black Knight whirled and took up his lance. But this, too, was shattered to fragments on

the enchanted shield. White with baffled fury, Atramont tried to grasp Orson in his strong arms. But flinging aside the magic shield, Orson threw his mighty arms around the knight and hurled him to the ground.

Then, in spite of his furious struggles Orson bound Atramont so that he could move neither hands nor feet.

Panting like a cornered animal Atramont glared up at Valentine and Orson as they stood over him. Then his face cleared and

he laughed like the brave knight he really was.

"There is some mystery about your strange friend, Sir Valentine," he said. "Go, therefore, to the castle of the giant Ferragus. You will have to conquer him to enter his castle. But if you succeed, you will find there a huge head of brass, guarded by a dwarf. The head will tell you who your friend really is. You will also be able to free all the captives the giant keeps in his dungeons."

Valentine thanked the Black Knight.

"You are a good man," said he. "Give me your word to release the Lady Clerimont and I will free you."

"I give you my word, on the honour of a knight," replied Atramont and Valentine was sure he could trust his word. With two strokes of his sword, he cut the ropes that bound the knight.

"I will take the Lady Clerimont back to her father myself," smiled Atramont. "Good luck go with you both."

The Giant Ferragus.

Valentine and Orson passed through many dark forests and rocky valleys before they came at last in sight of the giant's castle.

The drawbridge was down and Valentine and Orson started to cross. But under the drawbridge hung a thousand little bells which set up a merry jangling. This was a warning to the giant that somebody was crossing the drawbridge and a few moments later Ferragus came striding out, a huge mace in his hands.

At once Valentine set spurs to his horse and lowering his lance rode at the giant.

The giant was big and clumsy and Valentine was swift in his attack. Again and again the giant missed with his mace as Valentine rode his horse around him.

Without doubt the gallant young knight would have defeated the giant Ferragus except for an ill chance. Valentine's horse stumbled suddenly and fell to its knees.

It was too good a chance for the giant to miss. With a savage laugh he raised his mace and smashed Valentine out of his saddle.

"Look your last upon the world," roared Ferragus as he raised his mace on high. Can Valentine escape? This thrilling story is continued next week.



This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 18 and try to answer the questions about it.

ONCE upon a time, hundreds of years ago, a King sent his handsome son on a journey to a distant land. He was supposed to learn the customs and language. But no sooner had he learned the language than he fell in love with a beautiful maiden.

And she fell in love with him.

For many weeks they were happy and joyous and all the world seemed full of music and delight. Then a messenger arrived to tell the Prince that his father the King, who was an old man, had fallen sick and was dying.

So the Prince had to say farewell to his loved one. But as he said goodbye he took from his finger a splendid ring and gave it to her.

"Whenever you look at this, you will know that I love you," he said. The maiden wept as he rode away.

The Prince was just in time to speak with his father before he died.

"Promise me that you will marry the bride I have chosen for you," said the King. The Prince could only agree.

When the King died, the Prince became

King and then sent a letter to the Princess his father had named, asking her to marry him. The Princess replied to say she would.

Now when the maiden heard this news, she was broken-hearted. But if she could not marry her Prince, she wanted to be with him forever.

So she gathered together eleven of her friends — all lovely girls — and asked them to help her.

"How?" they asked and the maiden said: "We will disguise ourselves as huntsmen and find service at the court of my King."

The eleven damsels were eager for the adventure and that was why, one day, when the young King was out hunting with one of his friends he saw twelve huntsmen, all splendidly dressed, riding towards him.

The King was so taken with them that when their leader asked him if he would take them into his service he said "Yes."

Although the King did not recognise the Chief Huntsman, there was something about that richly-clad rider that he liked.

"You will ride back to my palace with me,"

smiled the young King and thereafter wherever the King went, the twelve Huntsmen went too. The Chief Huntsman was always by the side of the King and never once did the King realise who the Huntsman really was.

Weeks later when the King was out hunting with his Chief Huntsman word was brought that the Princess the King had asked to be his bride was on her way to meet him.

At this news, the Huntsman reeled and, half-fainting, leaned against a tree. The King ran forward and took off the Huntsman's glove. To his great surprise there, on the Huntsman's third finger, was the ring he had given to the maiden who had won his heart.

He understood at once that she had come to Court as a huntsman only to be near him.

"You shall be my Queen and none other," said he. He sent his regrets to the Princess and explained she must return home.

A month later he married his lady and who were the guests of honour? Why, the eleven Huntsmen, of course, although now they were all dressed in beautiful gowns.

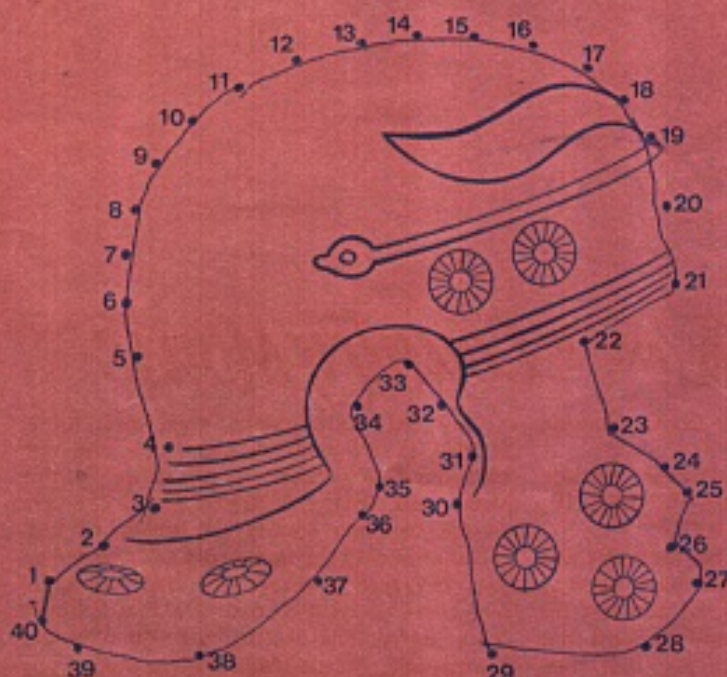
(Now turn to page 18 for the questions.)



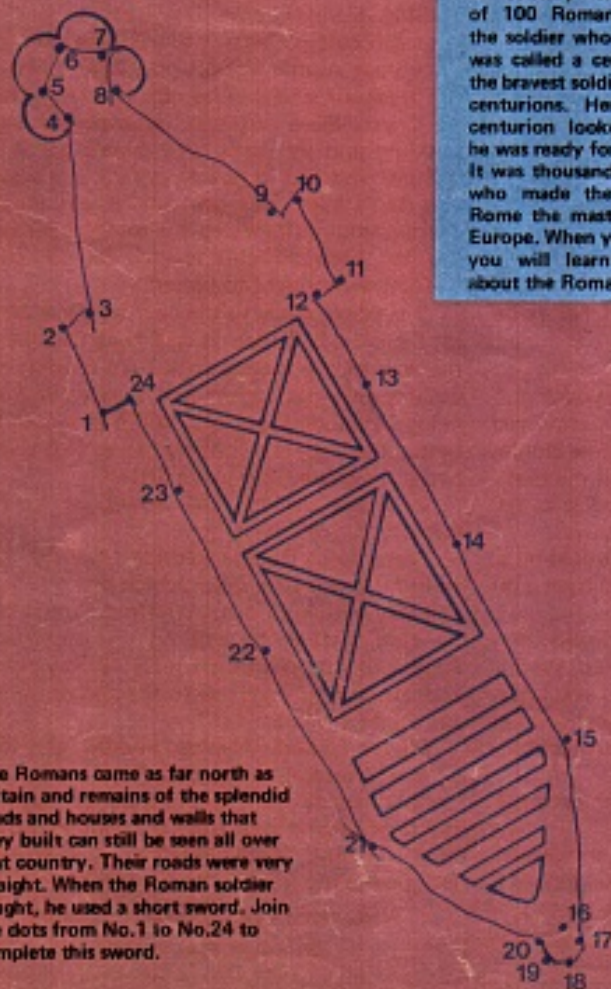
Beautiful Paintings

The fierce Red Indians have learned that another wagon-train is crossing the snowy prairies. The chief has sent out a scout to watch the hated palefaces. Here he is, his cold black eyes staring towards the distant camp-fires. He is probably making up his mind that tomorrow the Indians will attack and once again the brave pioneers will have to fight for their lives. The picture was painted by Frederic Remington, a well-known American artist.

The Roman Soldier



Two thousand years ago the armies of the great city of Rome in Italy were marching to victory all over the continent of Europe. The soldiers wore heavy iron helmets. If you take a pencil and join the dots from No.1 to No.40 you can see what a Roman soldier's helmet looked like.




The Romans came as far north as Britain and remains of the splendid roads and houses and walls that they built can still be seen all over that country. Their roads were very straight. When the Roman soldier fought, he used a short sword. Join the dots from No.1 to No.24 to complete this sword.

A "century" was a company of 100 Roman soldiers and the soldier who led a century was called a centurion. Only the bravest soldiers were made centurions. Here is what a centurion looked like when he was ready for battle.

It was thousands of such men who made the Emperor of Rome the master of most of Europe. When you grow older you will learn a lot more about the Romans.





THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE Country Mouse

This week Doctor Bedside Manner pays a visit.
by Barbara Hayes.

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. One lived in the town and one lived in the country. They were cousins, but they were different.

The mouse who lived in the country was called Winifred and she was rather old-fashioned and cosy, but the mouse who lived in the town was very smart and fashionable and lived a very gay life.

The Town Mouse's name was really Stephanie, but that was a secret. Stephanie told all her friends to call her Steve.

"Steve sounds very snappy and not a bit stick-in-the-muddish," Stephanie thought happily, "Everyone who hears me called Steve, must know at once that I am a very bright young thing."

So Steve went on her happy way, going to parties and the theatre and driving round town with her boy-friend Nigel in his lovely new car, until one day, Steve caught a cold.

Now Steve didn't like being ill. Well, no one likes being ill really, I know, but Steve liked being ill even less than most people do.

She didn't mind the pain or the stuffiness of having a coldy red nose. What she *did* mind was that being ill stopped her from looking smart.

"Being ill puts lines under my eyes," she grumbled, "And having lines under my eyes makes me look quite two years older — well one year older, anyway. Still, I don't want to exaggerate — perhaps just a month or two older — though of course I'm still young compared with most of my friends."

Steve hated to admit that she wasn't the youngest and prettiest mouse in town.

"And when I'm ill, I can't wear that smart red dress of mine," grumbled Steve, "because if my nose is just the tiniest bit red from the cold, the red dress makes my nose seem even redder than it really is! Not that my nose ever goes really red like other people's noses."

But the long and short of it was, that when Steve was ill and not looking quite her best, she wouldn't go out. She stayed at home in bed, until she was quite better and feeling as good as everyone else again. Feeling better than everyone else, I should say. Steve could never be happy if anyone else looked as good as she did.

So when Steve caught her cold, she stayed

at home in bed and sent for Doctor Bedside Manner to come and visit her.

Up the stairs came Doctor Bedside Manner — CLUMPI CLUMPI PUUUUUUF! CLUMPI CLUMPI PUUUUUUF!

The clump, clumps were his footsteps and the puffs were his heavy breathing, because Doctor Bedside Manner was fat and lost his breath easily. He always told his patients that being fat was *bad* for them and that they should not eat treacle pudding and jam-tarts. But when treacle pudding and jam-tart day came round in his home he somehow forgot his own good advice, till he had eaten first and second helpings. Then he would mutter to himself "Oh dear! I'll have to slim next week."

That is why whenever Doctor Bedside Manner had to go upstairs, he always went, CLUMPI CLUMPI PUUUUUUF! CLUMPI CLUMPI PUUUUUUF!

So when Steve heard the clump, clump, puffing coming up her stairs, she smiled to herself and said, "That old rascal has been at the treacle pudding and jam-tarts again!"

Anyway Doctor Bedside Manner came in and looked at Steve and said "Good morning, Miss Mouse," in his usual polite way. Then he took Steve's temperature and felt her pulse and said,

"I think you have a cold."

"Good grief! I could have told you that," gasped Steve, whose temper wasn't improved by being ill. "You didn't have to come clump, clump, puffing up my stairs, to tell me that I have a cold. What I want you to do is to tell me how to get rid of it!"

Then she added, "That is if you would be so kind," because she realized she had been a bit sharp in her tone.

So then Doctor Bedside Manner, who knew all about the gay life that Steve led, staying out till all hours at night said, "Do you know what I think would do you the most good in the world? A nice holiday out in the country with your Cousin Winifred."

Steve stared at the doctor in amazement. She could scarcely believe her ears.

"Doctor, you must be joking!" she gasped, "What, me go to stay with those hayseeds down in the country? You must be out of your mind!" She gasped three more times and went on:

"My old Auntie Maud once went for a holiday in the country years ago, and she told me never, never to go there. Auntie Maud said that this fresh air people are always babbling about, just smells of bad cabbages and all the home-cooking, just makes you fat. Auntie Maud said that the only nice thing about the country is that it looks quite pretty. The best thing to do with the countryside, Auntie Maud used to say, was to drive through it quickly in a fast carriage with the windows tight shut. Then you could see the prettiness without smelling that fresh air stuff, or having to stop and eat that fattening food."

"Oh my goodness me!" smiled Doctor Bedside Manner, who was used to dealing with difficult patients, "things have changed since your Auntie Maud's day. Why, I believe the fresh air smells quite nice now and after all if you leave out the home-made treacle pudding and jam-tarts, you won't get fat."

Steve was just about to reply, "It's a pity you don't take your own advice, old clump, clump,puuuuuff," when she thought perhaps she had been difficult enough for one day.

Then she thought to herself:

"I suppose going to the country for a while isn't such a bad idea. It will keep me out of the way of my friends until I am looking my usual pretty self again and I suppose even being in the country with Winifred would be better than staying indoors alone. Not much better, of course, but just a little."

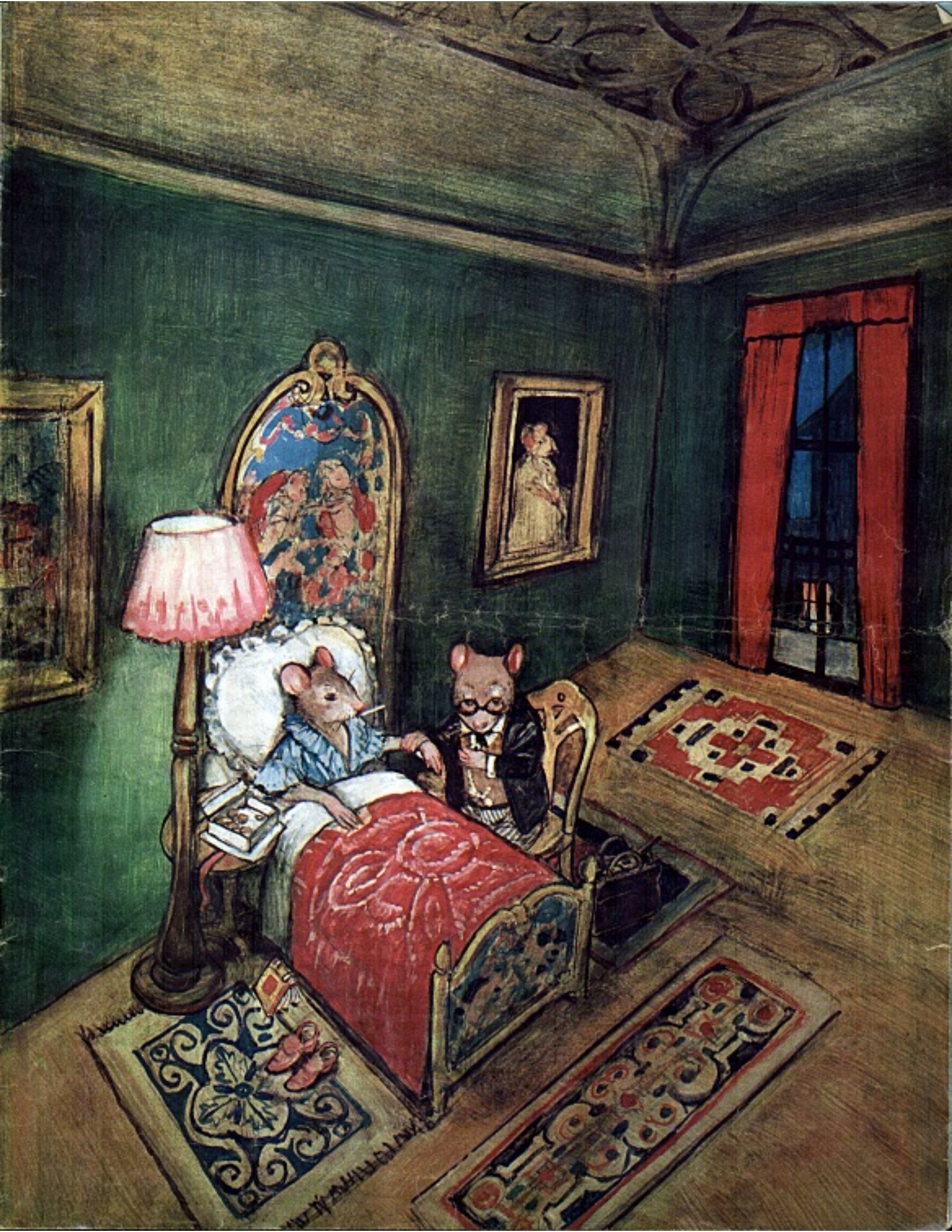
So Steve decided she would go to the country.

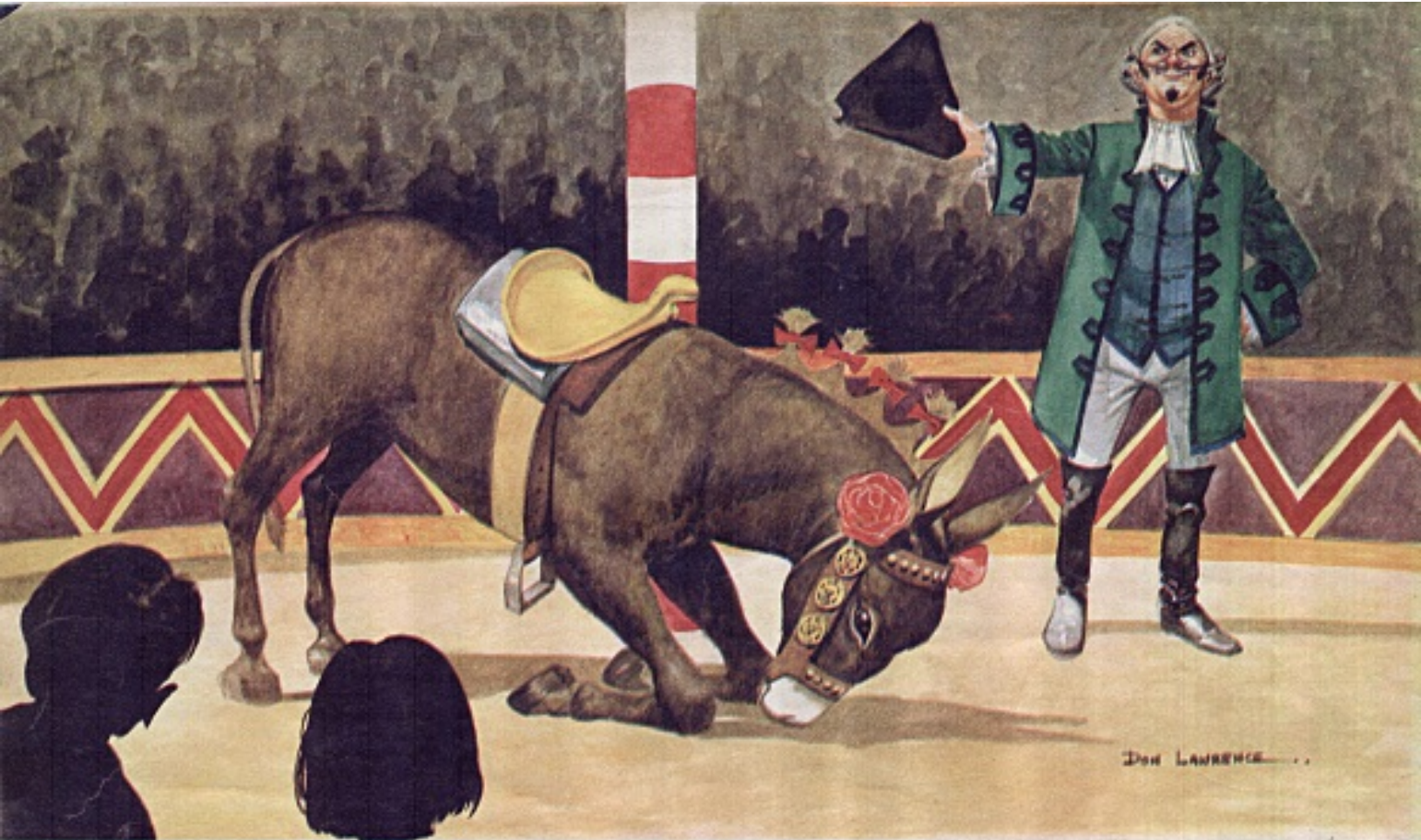
"Very well, Doctor Bedside Manner," she smiled, "I will take your advice and I will go and stay with my Cousin Winifred. Would you be kind enough to call on my boy-friend Nigel and ask him to get me a railway ticket and arrange to take me to the station in his car tomorrow morning?"

Doctor Bedside Manner nodded and left.

"I will wear a veil so that Nigel cannot see my poor coldy face," Steve thought, "and by the time I come back from the country I shall look and feel better. That is if I haven't dropped in my tracks with boredom."

Next week you will hear how Steve arrives in the country.





Don Lawrence

PINOCCHIO

Pinocchio was a wooden puppet, but as a punishment for being idle he has been changed into a donkey. He has been bought by the owner of a circus.

AT last the day came when Pinocchio was to perform in the circus. Placards were stuck up everywhere so that everyone would know.

On that evening, as you may imagine, an hour before the play was to begin the theatre was full.

When the first part of the performance was over, the ring-master dressed in green coat, white shorts, and big leather boots that came above his knees, led the donkey Pinocchio into the ring.

Then the ring-master shouted:

"Now then, Pinocchio. Bow to the ladies and gentlemen!"

Pinocchio obeyed and bent both his knees till they touched the ground, and remained kneeling until the ring-master shouted to him: "Now walk!"

Then the little donkey raised himself on his four legs and began to walk round the circus ring.

After a little the ring-master shouted:

"Trot!" and Pinocchio, obeying the order, changed to a trot.

"Gallop!" and Pinocchio broke into a gallop.

"Full gallop!" and Pinocchio went full gallop. But whilst he was going full speed like a racehorse the ring-master, raising his arm in the air, fired off a pistol.

At the shot the little donkey, pretending

to be wounded, fell his whole length in the circus ring.

He got up from the ground amidst an outburst of shouts, and clapping of hands.

"Now, Pinocchio! Let everybody see how cleverly you can jump through the hoops."

Pinocchio tried two or three times, but each time that he came in front of the hoop, instead of going through it, he found it easier to go under it. At last he made a leap and went through it; but his right leg unfortunately caught in the hoop, and that caused him to fall to the ground doubled up in a heap on the other side.

When he got up he was lame, and it was only with great difficulty that he managed to return to the stable.

"Bring out Pinocchio! We want the little donkey! Bring out the little donkey!" shouted all the boys in the theatre, because they had loved his act so much.

But the little donkey was seen no more that evening.

The following morning a doctor of animals paid him a visit and declared that he would remain lame for life.

The ring-master then said to the stable-boy: "What do you suppose I can do with a lame donkey? He would eat food without earning it. Take him to the market and sell him."

When they reached the market a farmer asked the stable-boy:

"How much do you want for that lame donkey?"

"Twenty pence."

"I will give you ten pence. Don't suppose I am buying him to make use of; I am buying him solely for his skin. I intend to make a drum with it for the band of my village."

I leave it to my readers to imagine poor Pinocchio's feelings when he heard that he was about to become a drum!

As soon as the farmer had paid his ten pence he led the little donkey away.

But Pinocchio had made up his mind he was not going to be a drum. Suddenly he took to his heels and ran away. But being lame he could not run very fast. At last he came to the sea-shore. He took one look over his shoulder. The farmer was close behind. There was nothing else for it.

Pinocchio jumped into the sea. At once something very strange happened. He changed back into a puppet again!

Was it the strange effect of sea-water? Or had the Good Fairy worked her magic and come to Pinocchio's aid?

In the twinkling of an eye he had swum so far off that he was scarcely visible.

Are Pinocchio's troubles over at last? You must not miss his next adventure.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on page 13. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. Why did the King send the Prince to a distant land?
2. What did the Prince give to the maiden he loved?
3. How many huntsmen were there?
4. What did the Prince see when he took off the huntsman's glove?



Help Bo-Peep Find Her Sheep



Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep again. Can you count her sheep as she finds them? Write your answers in the circles in the pictures. The correct answers are printed below.



A. Bo-Peep sets out to find her sheep. How many has she found already?



B. She finds 2 hiding behind a tree. How many has she found altogether?



C. Now she sees a sheep drinking at a pool. How many has she found all told?



D. 2 sheep are in a meadow. How many has she now found?



E. Little Bo-Peep finds the last 3 sheep on a bridge. How many are in the flock altogether?

Answers: A = 3, B = 5, C = 10, D = 12, E = 15



People think no more about flying in an aeroplane today than they do about taking a train ride. But it was only sixty years ago this July that Louis Bleriot (say "Blerry-oh") a Frenchman, made the first recorded crossing of the English Channel in a frail little aeroplane. Bleriot landed on the cliffs near Dover and the spot is marked with a stone.

Here every
week you will be able to
read these

STRANGE BUT TRUE

facts which have been gathered
for you from all over
the world.



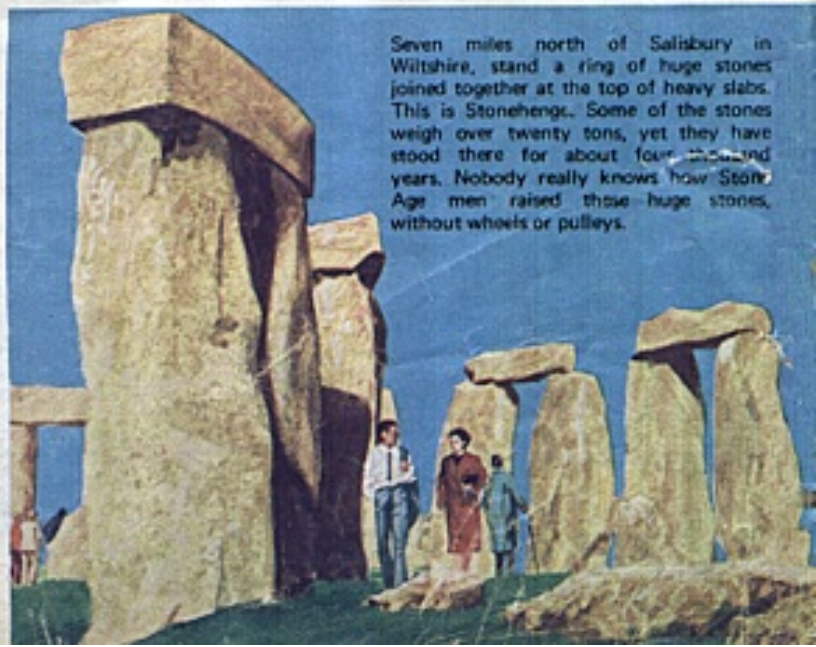
In the summer, parts of the frozen seas around the North and South Poles begin to melt and huge pieces of frozen ice, called icebergs, break away and float out to sea. Some of them are a mile across and are very dangerous to ships, as only a small portion sticks out above the waves.



Before the Spaniards first went to America four hundred years ago, there were no horses there. When the Indians saw the Spanish soldiers on their horses the Indians thought the Spaniards were gods and fled in terror! Later, some of the horses escaped and became wild and today many of them in America are descended from these Spanish horses.



Many people have come to live in Hong Kong, off the coast of China, and it is more and more difficult to find homes. So thousands of Chinese live in houseboats, which are all moored together in the harbour and the bays. The people have to clamber from one boat to the other to reach dry land.



Seven miles north of Salisbury in Wiltshire, stand a ring of huge stones joined together at the top of heavy slabs. This is Stonehenge. Some of the stones weigh over twenty tons, yet they have stood there for about four thousand years. Nobody really knows how Stone Age men raised these huge stones, without wheels or pulleys.